

MAY

TARGET

COMICS

10c



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RED CROSS



WEB COMIC
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TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang!!

We have two serious suggestions to shoot at you this trip, so take heed! Although it's still pretty wintry weather and icicles are swinging on the eaves in most parts of the country, it's about time you started thinking of that victory garden of yours. How about it? Get your equipment together and make your plans ahead of time so that you can get right to work . . . Victory Gardens are highly important during war time and the job the 4-H'ers are doing should be an excellent example, gang. Heave to and make a thumping success of it!

The other suggestion — a mighty important one, too — is to back up the Red Cross drive which will be in full swing during March. The Red Cross has done a magnificent job in the past and will keep doing so in the future. There's a lot of territory for the Red Cross to cover and a lot of helpful healing to be handed out; and they need our help. All the help we can possibly give. We won't disappoint them, will we? Get behind the Red Cross and make it a thoroughly successful drive.

That about does it, readers. Hope you enjoy this issue of TARGET. We know that if you don't, we'll hear about it!! That's what we like best, though—those letters of yours pouring in! Keep them coming!

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

UPSIDE DOWN OR RIGHT SIDE UP? — LETTERS WANTED

The Q & A feature in TARGET COMICS has questions at the foot of certain left-hand pages. Each answer is on the page facing the question. Should answers be printed upside down, so readers will not accidentally glimpse the answers and spoil the fun before attempting to answer the questions? Or, should the answers be printed right side up for easier reading and better appearance on the pages? How do you vote? And what do you think of the Q & A feature for entertainment and educational value?

Dear Editors:

Each succeeding issue of TARGET that I read makes me like it more and more. It is really a "target" for all children and adults alike. It wouldn't be fair for me to outline the stories in the order that I like them most, since they are all so good and down-to-earth; however, I especially enjoy Candid Charlie, Al T Tude, The Cadet, and Targettown. I think the questions and answers at the bottom of each page are very novel and interesting. Please keep TARGET as good as it is.

I'm just about ready to buy my second Bond. Yes, our Bonds are finding their "target," too!

Yours truly,
George Krassner
Long Island City, L. I.

You bet our War Bonds find their "target," George! Congratulations to you and all the rest who buy their Stamps and Bonds regularly!

Dear Editors:

I have been reading TARGET COMICS as long as I can remember, but never had the courage to write. But here's just what I have to say about your comic.

I think it is a very exciting comic. Every character is excellent, except Bull's-Eye Bill. I just don't think it's interesting. The Cadet is the one I enjoy most of all. I agree with Velma Taylor that we should have more girl stories. I think the girls would really enjoy TARGET even more if there were.

A constant reader,
Dolores Bushie
Pawtucket, R. I.

It's a good thing you recovered from your "writing shyness," Dolores, for we enjoyed your letter.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the latest issue of TARGET COMICS, and I think it's tops! I'm glad that you keep out the characters who fly and smash through impossible things.

My favorite characters are The Cadet, Speck, Spot and Sis; and Candid Charlie. My friends and I all agree that TARGET COMICS is good entertainment.

A loyal reader,
Edward Wardrala
Worcester, Mass.

Thanks for the archie, Edward. Glad you and your friends find TARGET enjoyable. How's about sending your street address so we can forward your stamps??

Dear Editors:

Out of all the comic books published I think TARGET is the best. My favorite strip is The Cadet, but I also like Don't Flannel very much. My mother thinks all comic books are very silly except TARGET. She says it's very educational and it isn't too fantastic. Not only that, but when I buy TARGET she is always the first to read it!

A loyal reader,
Geraldine Ryder
Boston, Mass.

Very glad that your mother likes TARGET so much, Geraldine, and that she feels it provides interesting facts along with the entertainment.

Dear Editors:

I would like to tell you how the girls in my town feel about TARGET COMICS. We all like it very much. Don't think we don't; but everything in it is for the boys! You really favor the boys too much. Why not have an exclusive strip for the girls? As for Peg Martin, don't you think it's a little too mushy for the boys?

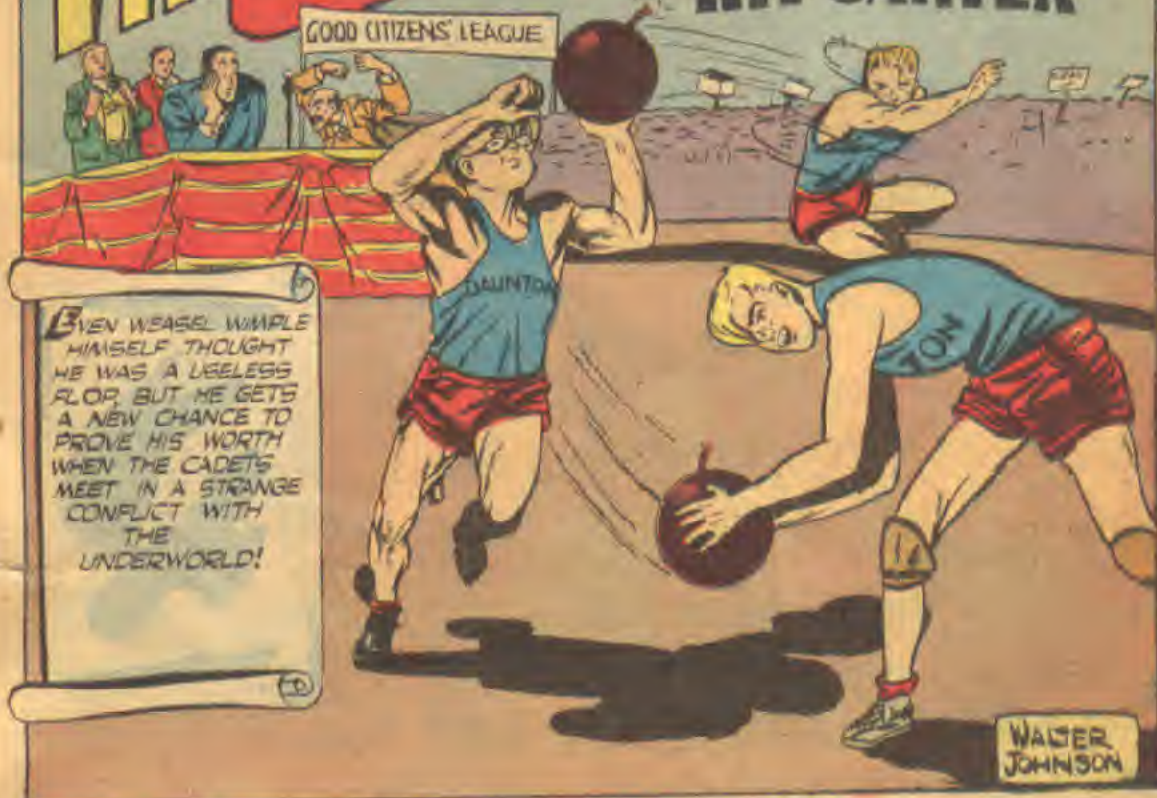
A faithful reader,
Marie Hartsfield
Greenwood, Florida

Callie, Marie, we run that story of Pam Robinson's just for you girls! Perhaps it WAS too "mushy" for the boys, but they didn't seem to mind! As a matter of fact, some of them liked it!

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 111 West 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

The CADET

KIT CARTER



EVEN WEASEL WIMPLE HIMSELF THOUGHT HE WAS A LEELESS FLOP, BUT HE GETS A NEW CHANCE TO PROVE HIS WORTH WHEN THE CADETS MEET IN A STRANGE CONFLICT WITH THE UNDERWORLD!

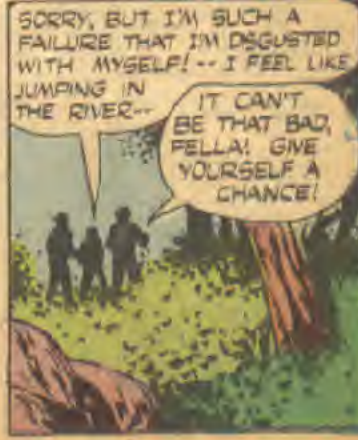


THE POOR GUY FLOPS AT EVERYTHING HE TRIES! MAYBE WE CAN CHEER HIM UP!



AW, NUTHIN'

WHAT'S EATING YOU? WE ONLY ASKED A CIVIL QUESTION!



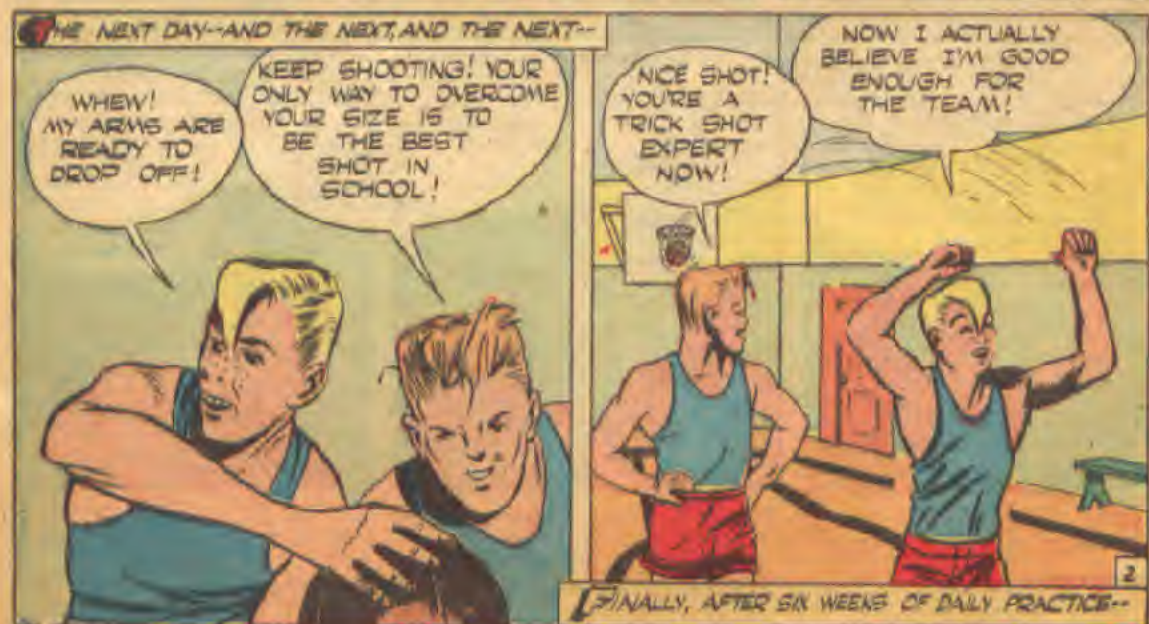
IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD, FELLA! GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE!

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MEL CUMMINS

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT O. WHEELER
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JESSY ANN CROWLEY

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IT'S NO USE-- I NEVER SHOULD HAVE TRIED!

WEASEL WILL BE A FAILURE FOREVER IF HE DOESN'T SUCCEED NOW, BUT IT LOOKS HOPELESS!

LET'S GO FOR A STROLL, WEASEL, AND TALK IT OVER...



AT PROFESSOR WILKS' LAB-- THAT'S THAT! I'M SURE THIS NEW PROCESS WILL SUCCEED! IT'S FANTASTICALLY POWERFUL!

THANKS FOR PACKING THEM, PROF.!



THANKS FOR THE GAS, CHUM!

BUT THAT ISN'T-- OFF-- MUM-- HE WAS GOING TO TELL US THIS AIN'T TEAR GAS! HE MUST THINK WE'RE IGGERANT!



THANKS, KIT, BUT I'M LEAVING THE ACADEMY. I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT FOR IT!

LOOK--THOSE MEN ARE IN AN AWFUL HURRY!



STOP THOSE MEN! THEY STOLE MY NEW PHOSPHORUS FIRE BOMBS-- THEY CAN GET FIRE TO ANYTHING!

LET'S GET THEM!



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? WE GOTTA CATCH THOSE CROOKS!

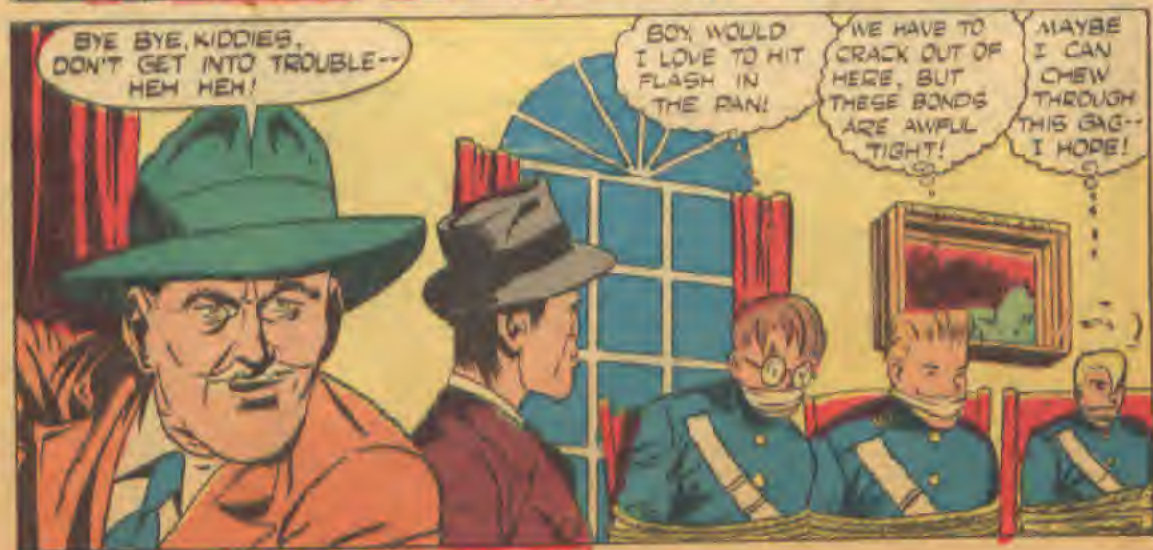
EASY DOES IT! LET'S FOLLOW THEM AND SEE WHAT THEY WANT THE BOMBS FOR?



BOON-- NICE SHADOWING, BOYS!

THEY'RE GOING INTO ALDERMAN FLASH'S HOUSE!

MAYBE THEY'RE GOING TO GET FIRE TO IT-- WE'D BETTER HURRY!



FOUR AFTER HOUR DRAGS BY--

THE GYM
MUST BE
FILLING UP
BY NOW--

MURRAY!
AT LAST
THESE BUCK
TEETH CAME
IN HANDY.



WEASEL SLOWLY GNAWS
THROUGH KIT'S BONDS!

GOOD WORK, WEASEL! WE
STILL HAVE A CHANCE
TO SAVE THOSE PEOPLE
FROM BEING BURNED
TO DEATH!

THEN LET'S
HURRY!



SH! I HEAR VOICES!
FLASH MUST
HAVE LEFT
GUARDS!



I WISH I WAS IN THE POOL ROOM IN-
STEAD OF WATCHING OVER THOSE
BRATS!

FLASH SAID TO GET TOUGH
IF THEY TRIED TO BLOW,
BUT THEY CAN'T EVEN
MOVE!



YOU CAN GO
BACK TO
THE
POOL ROOM
NOW!



YOU LOOK LIKE A BULLDOG, BUT
SOUND LIKE AN AIRDALE!



QUESTION No. 1 Can you find "firedogs" on this page?

I CAN'T PUNCH HARD, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A COUPLE OF BLACK EYES, ANYWAY!

UGH!
SPLUT!
GLUG!



IT'S TIME FOR THE MEETING TO START NOW! WE MAY BE TOO LATE!



MEANWHILE, AT DAUNTON GYM ---

FELLOW CITIZENS, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TO DISCUSS MEANS OF RIDDING OUR TOWN OF ITS THIEVING GRAFTERS! I AM GRATIFIED AT THIS LARGE TURNOUT--



THE PLACE IS PACKED! LET'S START DISTRIBUTING OUR SOUVENIRS!

YEAH, BUT HOW? THEY WON'T LEAVE US HAND THEM THOSE NASTY LOOKING GAS BOMBS!



MY BRAIN'S HUMMING, CHUM! I STUFFED ONE BOMB IN EACH BASKETBALL! WE JUST CASUALLY DROP THE BALLS AMONG THE CROWD!

YEAH, NOBODY'S SUSPICIOUS OF A BASKETBALL IN A GYM!!



THESE CHUMPS WOULD FAINT IF THEY KNEW I WAS DROPPING BOMBS RIGHT BEFORE THEM! AND IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES THEY'LL GO OFF!



(PUFF) WE'RE IN LUCK! THE PLACE DIDN'T BURN DOWN YET!







WE CAN PROVE FLASH IS A MENACE TO THE COMMUNITY! HE PLANNED TO BREAK UP THE MEETING WITH TEAR GAS--INSTEAD, HE ALMOST KILLED ALL OF YOU!

YOU BETTER HAVE DEFINITE EVIDENCE, SON!

GO ON! TELL US THE STORY!

WEASEL KIT RELATES THE STORY--

I BET WE CAN CATCH THOSE THUGS AT FLASH'S PLACE!

THEY'LL BE THE EVIDENCE KIT NEEDS!

HEY! COME BACK HERE!

SOON--THOSE KIDS MESSED UP THE WORKS, BOSS!

THEY CAN'T PROVE A THING! IT'S MY WORD AGAINST THEIRS--AND THEY'RE JUST KIDS!

HALT! OR I'LL SHOOT!

ARREST THESE MEN, OFFICER! PROFESSOR WILKS WILL TESTIFY THAT THEY STOLE HIS FIRE BOMBS! AND THEY'LL SQUEAL ON FLASH!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

YOU BETTER COME ALONG--ALL OF YOU!

AT THE MEETING KIT CONCLUDES HIS STORY!

THOSE ARE THE FACTS, AND HERE COMES WEASEL WIMPLE WITH THE CROOKS TO PROVE THEM!

GREAT WORK, BOYS!

LATER--

THIS HAS BEEN A WONDERFUL EVENING! THE CROOKS GO TO JAIL, AND FLASH WILL BE THROWN OUT OF OFFICE. FURTHERMORE, OUR VERY LIVES WERE SAVED BY THESE BOYS! LET'S GIVE THEM A CHEER!

LET'S MAKE THE CHEERS FOR WEASEL WIMPLE! IT WAS HIS SKILL THAT SAVED OUR LIVES!

GOSH! I SUCCEEDED AT SOMETHING!

I'LL EXPECT TO SEE YOU AT PRACTICE TOMORROW, WIMPLE!

HELP WIN THIS WAR WHILE YOU'RE AT SCHOOL
ALWAYS OBEY THE GOLDEN RULE.

CANDID CHARLIE

By Gordon Galt

BECAUSE OF THE COMPETITION OF THE LARGER, MORE UP-TO-DATE STORES, "POP'S PLACE," THE OLDEST GENERAL STORE IN LENSVILLE, IS GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

GOSH, WE CAN'T LET POP CLOSE UP. I COULDN'T THINK OF BUYING ANYWHERE ELSE.

HE'S THE NICEST GUY IN TOWN. 'POP'S PLACE' IS LIKE A SECOND HOME.

I FEEL SO BADLY ABOUT IT.

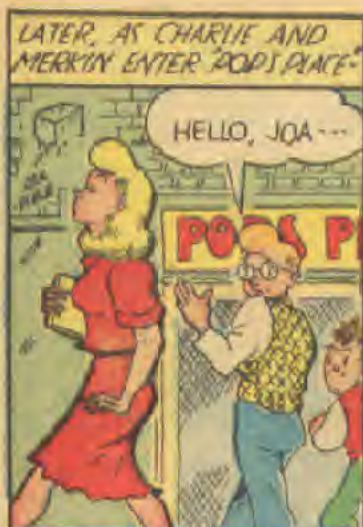
MAYBE, IF YOU WOULD ALL TALK TO YOUR FOLKS, AND TRY TO MAKE THEM BUY THERE AGAIN, IT MIGHT HELP.

Next day-

NO USE, CHARLIE. THE FOLKS SAY POP'S HAS NO SELECTION, AND HIS PRICES ARE TOO HIGH.

WELL, WE TRIED. GOSH! I'D LIKE TO HELP HIM THO.

KEEP SCHOOL MARKS HIGH AND YOU WILL SCORE WITH ALL THE MEN WHO FIGHT THIS WAR.







Q UESTION No. 6 What does Mr. Mudge mean by "overhead"?

MELVILLE DOESN'T REALIZE THE BOYS ARE ASLEEP ON TOP OF THE BOXES.

WOW! THAT TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING! THIS IS ONE TIME I'M KEEPING MY MOUTH SHUT!

CHARLIE! WAKE UP! I SMELL SMOKE!

THE BOXES ARE ON FIRE!

CHEE! IT'S LUCKY WE PUT IT OUT IN TIME!

GOSH! THIS FIRE GIVES ME A TERRIFIC IDEA!

And the next morning...

FIRE SALE

AT MUDGE'S DEPARTMENT STORE -
LOOK AT THIS PLACE!
IT'S DESERTED!!

ALL THE CUSTOMERS ARE AT "POP'S PLACE". HE'S RUNNING A SALE.

LOOK AT THAT! I THOUGHT YOU FIXED EVERYTHING!

GOSH!

I DID. I SAW THAT STUFF CATCH ON FIRE, AND I DIDN'T TURN IN AN ALARM!



YOUR JOB HERE WHILE OUR MEN FIGHT
IS JUST TO STUDY WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

THE TARGET and the TARGETEERS

ON AN ISLAND BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS STROLL ALONG THE SANDY BEACH AND WALK INTO AN ADVENTURE THAT THRUSTS THEM INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY!

LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE NATIVES LOST HIS CANOE! MAYBE WE BETTER TOW IT IN.

IT'S GETTING AWFUL DULL AROUND HERE! NO ACTION FOR TWO WHOLE WEEKS!

QUIET! HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!

HEY! THIS CANOE HAS A TENANT! AND HE SURE LOOKS ALL IN. COME ON, FELLOWS, GIVE ME A HAND!

GOSH, THE POOR FELLOW LOOKS LIKE HE HASN'T EATEN IN WEEKS!

TAKE ME TO HEADQUARTERS - HAVE INFORMATION!

HEADQUARTERS! COME ON, LET'S CARRY HIM!

AT HEADQUARTERS...

SORRY TO BREAK IN, COLONEL - BUT WE FOUND THIS NATIVE DRIFTING IN A CANOE OFF THE BEACH. HE SAYS HE HAS SOME INFORMATION FOR YOU.

THANK YOU, BOYS. - PUT HIM ON THAT COT!

STUDY HARD. BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, HIGHER MARKS WILL SURELY SHOW IT.

OUTSIDE, AFTER A SHORT WAIT ...

HOW IS HE, COLONEL?

WEAK BUT HE'LL RECOVER! HE'S ONE OF OUR AGENTS AND HE PADDED ALL THE WAY FROM DURANGO ISLAND TO BRING ME SOME PRICELESS INFORMATION!

DURANGO. THAT'S JAP TERRITORY!

RIGHT, TOMMY! IT'S THE SIGHT OF A JAP BASE THAT WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE - THIS NATIVE LOCATED IT. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO GO BACK AND LIGHT FLARES TO GUIDE OUR BOMBERS, BUT HE'S TOO WEAK!

IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, COLONEL, WE'LL GO BACK AND PLACE THOSE FLARES!

I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT! THERE'S A PT. BOAT READY FOR YOU! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE INFORMATION AND YOU'LL LEAVE IN TEN MINUTES.

WELL, FINALLY THINGS ARE PICKING UP!

THE NEXT DAY AT DAWN - - - THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS ARRIVE OFF DURANGO ISLAND ...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, BOYS - RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

THAT BEACH LOOKS LIKE THE SPOT WHERE THE COLONEL SAID WE'D FIND A NATIVE GUIDE.

NO SIGN OF THAT NATIVE GUIDE, YET! IN FACT, NO SIGN OF ANYTHING!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! WE'VE WALKED RIGHT INTO A JAP PATROL, AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT! COME ON, BOYS!

TAKE A NAP, NIP!

YOU SHOULD TELL YOUR BOSS TO SEND OUT BIGGER PATROLS!

OH OH! THAT SHOT IS GOING TO ALERT THIS WHOLE ISLAND. WE'D BETTER MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE - - BUT FAST!

THE GUNSHOT ATTRACTS A LARGER PATROL - - -

TOO LATE! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE RUN SMACK INTO THE WHOLE GARRISON!

GOSH, THERE'S NO WAY OUT! ONLY A MIRACLE WILL SAVE US!

SUDDENLY OUT OF THE THICK JUNGLE FOLIAGE — — —

THERE'S YOUR MIRACLE! SOMEONE'S MOWING DOWN THOSE RISING SONS LIKE A SET OF CLAY PIGEONS!

IT'S A TOMMY GUN IN THE JUNGLE OVER THERE!

THEY SURE CLEARED OUT FAST—WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM!

MY FRIEND, YOU SAVED OUR NECKS THAT TIME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE OUR GUIDE!

RIGHT! ME GUIDE—FOLLOW BEFORE ENEMY RETURNS!



MOVING QUICKLY ALONG SECRET TRAILS, THE NATIVE GUIDE LEADS HIS PARTY INTO A JUNGLE CLEARING — —

SUBMARINE BASE ON OTHER SIDE OF CLIFF. I STAND GUARD HERE WHILE YOU CLIMB ROPE!

GOSH, YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB THAT ROPE TO GET TO THE TOP?

LOOK! AMERICANS! QUICK, SHOOT THEM!

A FOURTH ONE! THIS GRENADE WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

AGH!



WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, AN ELEVATOR? COME ON! LET'S GET GOING!



THERE, THAT FINISHES HIM. NOW, THE AMERICAN SWINE!



THE JAP'S BULLET MISSES THE THREE MEN BUT CUTS THE ROPE ITSELF --

THE ROPE'S BEEN CUT! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

QUICK, DAVE, GRAB MY FOOT!

GOOD WORK, DAVE! NOW, HOLD ON AND I'LL PULL YOU UP!

OKAY! WE MADE IT!

THEY'RE STILL SHOOTING AT US, BUT THEIR AIM IS AWFUL!

I GUESS YOU STUCK YOUR FOOT IN THIS ONE, NILES! - AND I'M SURE GLAD YOU DID!

AS THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS HEAD FOR THE SUB BASE THEY ARE UNAWARE THAT AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFF

THE DOGS GOT AWAY, BUT IT WON'T HELP THEM. CONTACT THE SUBMARINE BASE! NOTIFY THEM THAT THE THREE AMERICANS ARE HEADED THAT WAY!

YESS, CAPTAIN!

THEY'LL NEVER REACH US NOW! AND WE OUGHT TO GET TO THAT SUB BASE BEFORE THEY DO!

THEY KILLED THE NATIVE GUIDE! THAT'S ONE WE'RE GOING TO GET EVEN FOR!

THE THREE MEN SEPARATE AND DAVE BEGINS TO INFILTRATE THROUGH THE JAP SENTRIES WHEN --

WELL, THERE'S THE BASE! THAT COVE LEADS RIGHT INTO AN UNDERWATER CAVE AND THAT'S WHERE SUBS ARE PARKED! OUR PLANES WILL BE OVER PRETTY SOON - SO WE'D BETTER SEPARATE NOW AND LIGHT OUR FLARES WHEN THEY APPEAR!

HALT! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

OH-OH! I'D BETTER WARN THE OTHERS!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!





GOOD WORK, BOYS -
NOW GIVE ME A
HAND WITH THESE
DRUMS!

HOW ABOUT LETTING
US IN ON IT,
NILES?

WITH SPEED AND
EFFICIENCY TARGET
AND THE TARGETEERS
GET THEIR WORK
DONE.

SURE THING! WE'LL
PUNCTURE THESE
GASOLINE DRUMS,
ROLL THEM DOWN
TOWARD THE SUB BASE -
THEY'LL LEAVE A TRAIL
OF GASOLINE WHICH
WE IGNITE. -
PRESTO - -
A PERFECT
FLARE!

THIS OUGHT TO
PUT A LITTLE
LIGHT ON THE
SUBJECT!

OUR PLANES
ARE PRACTICALLY
OVERHEAD! WE
DIDN'T HAVE A
MINUTE TO SPARE!

SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET ABOVE
THE JAP BASE, AMERICAN BOM-
BARDIERS DISCOVER A PERFECT
TARGET!

GREAT SCOTT! WHOEVER
LIT THE FLARES AROUND THAT
TARGET CERTAINLY KNOWS HIS
BUSINESS! BOMBS AWAY!

BOY, OH, BOY!
WHAT A PASTING
THAT SUB BASE
IS GETTING!

COME ON! WE'VE
GOT TO GET BACK
TO OUR PT. BOAT!



WELL, IT'S
BACK HOME
AGAIN!

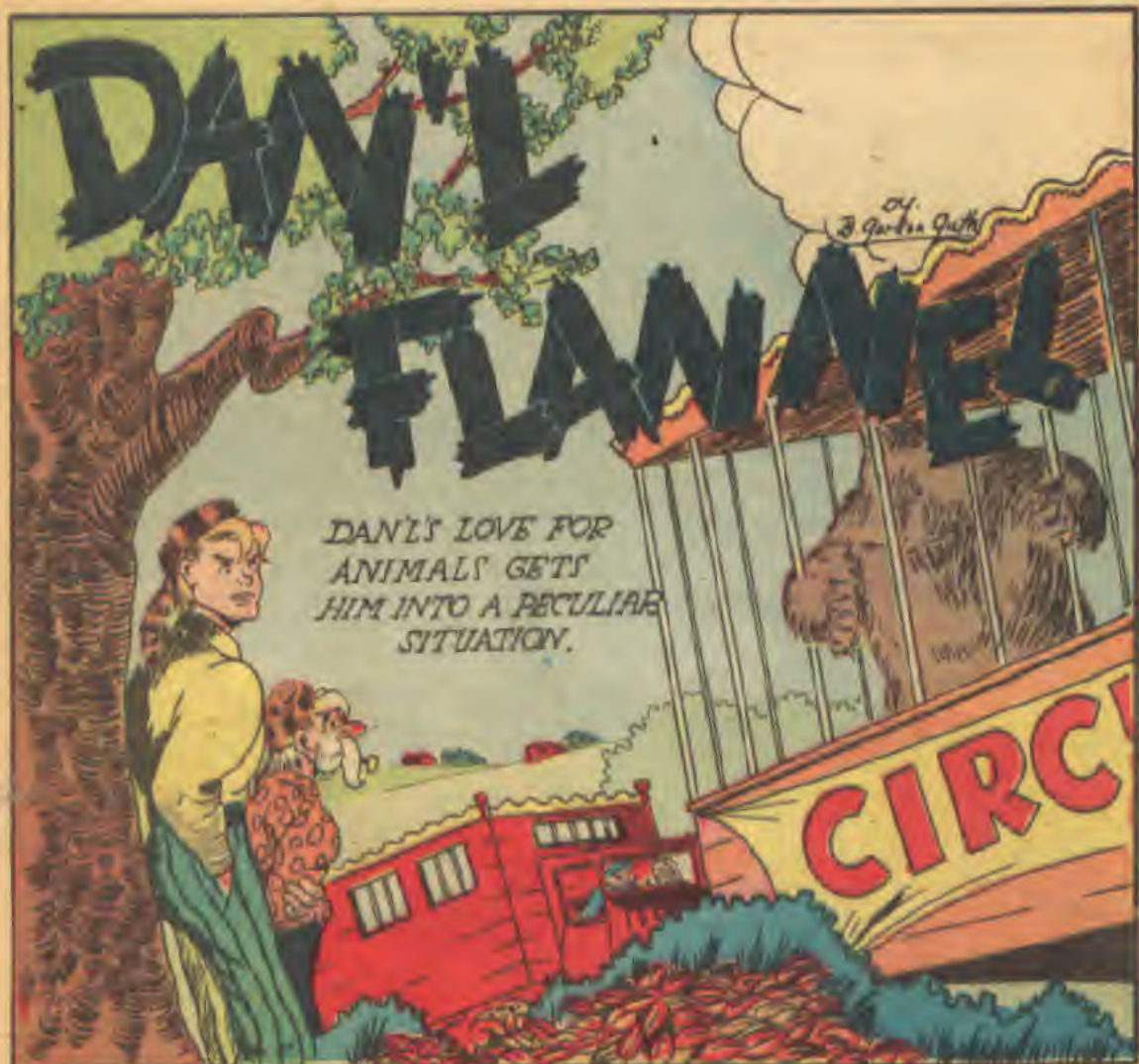
NOT BEFORE I GET A FEW
PICTURES OF THE DAMAGE
FOR HEADQUARTERS.

A DAY LATER BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...
BOYS, YOU DID AN
AMAZING JOB! THESE
PICTURES INDICATE
THAT WE WON'T BE
TROUBLED BY THAT
SUBMARINE BASE
AGAIN!

IT WAS A PLEASURE TO
CARRY THROUGH THAT
ASSIGNMENT, SIR! NOW
WE'RE READY TO GO TO
WORK ON THE NEXT
ONE!



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.



DAN'L'S LOVE FOR
ANIMALS GETS
HIM INTO A PECULIAR
SITUATION.



WOT ARE YA SO
GLUM ABOUT, DAN'L?

THEM ANIMALS
ALL CAGED IN!
THEY LOOKED
SO SAD

YA KNOW UNCLE DUD,
I SURE WISH I COULD
TAKE CARE OF 'EM!

NOW WOT IN
TARNATION
WOULD YA BE
DOIN WITH
WILD ANIMALS?

YOUR JOB IS SCHOOL, SO GET RIGHT TO IT
AND DO YOUR BEST. YOU'LL NEVER RUE IT.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE CIRCUS.

MR. BROWBEAT,
YA GOTTA FEED
THEM ANIMALS!
THEY'S STARVED

LISSSEN, YOU!!
I'M BROKE, AND IF
IT'S A CASE OF WHO'S
TA GO HUNGRY, IT'LL
BE THE ANIMALS.

THE BOSS
IS SURE HEADING
FOR TROUBLE!

JOE, DON'T GET NEAR
THEM ANIMALS!
THEY'RE HUNGRY AND
NOT PARTICULAR!!

MIDNIGHT- AND THINGS
BEGIN TO HAPPEN-

COME ON, LET'S GET
STARTED! THIS IS NO
PLACE FOR HUNGRY
FOLKS.

I'M NOT HUNGRY.
WHERE ARE WE
GOING?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!
MR BEAR TOLD ME TO
GET EVERYBODY OUT.
IT'S A CINCCH WITH
THESE BOLTS.

COME ON,
FELLA'S.

A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM THE CIRCUS WAGONS-

WE MIGHT AS WELL
WAIT HERE FOR
THE OTHERS.

NOW WHERE
DO WE GO
FROM HERE?
I'M HUNGRY.

WE'RE GOING TO
SEE DAN'L FLANNEL.
I SAW HIM AS WE
PASSED THAT TOWN.
HE CAN TAKE CARE
OF US.

WHO IS DAN'L FLANNEL?
AFTER THE LAST
EXPERIENCE, I'M THRU
WITH MEN.

DON'T WORRY, SADIE.
HE'S A FRIEND OF
ALL ANIMALS. BEFORE
I WAS PUT IN THE
CIRCUS, MY UNCLE
TOLD ME ALL ABOUT
HIM. HE UNDERSTANDS
OUR LANGUAGE!

IT'S LUCKY THE FOLKS OF HOMETOWN ARE
SOUND SLEEPERS. THE GROUP THAT
CALLED ON DAN'L WOULD HAVE SCARED
THEM OUT OF THEIR WITS.



ROAR
SQUEAK!

ER... WOT'S
THAT NOISE?



GULP



UNCLE DUD!
WOT'S
WRONG?

W-W-WILD
ANIMALS!!



DAN'L FLANNEL,
PLEASE STEP
OUTSIDE!

BECAUSE OF HIS
REMARKABLE GIFT OF
UNDERSTANDING THEIR
LANGUAGE, TAUGHT TO
HIM BY AN INDIAN
CHIEF, DAN'L LISTENS
SYMPATHETICALLY
TO THE SAD STORY
OF THE ANIMALS.



AND WE CAME TO
YOU FOR HELP.
WE'RE HUNGRY!

GOSH!!

DAN'L SETS OUT TO FIND FOOD FOR HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS.

HIRAM, I NEED A HUNDRED POUNDS O' MEAT!

A HUNDRED POUNDS! DAN'L, ARE YA THET HUNGRY?

GOSH! THE FOLKS MUST THINK IM AN AWFUL HOG, BUT I COULDN'T TELL 'EM RIGHT OIF IT WUZ FER ANIMALS, THEY MIGHT NOT UNDERSTAND.

CAN'T SAY I EVER LET A NEIGHBOR DOWN, BUT WOT ARE YA GONNR DO WITH A HUNDRED POUNDS OF LETTUCE AN CABBAGE?

DAN'L, YOU'LL GIT SICK EATIN' ALL THET.

DON'T WORRY, SAM.

NEXT MORNING—

THET DAN'L SURE AINT PARTICULAR WHO HE EATS WITH!

DAN'L, WE APPRECIATE ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR US. IT'S TIME WE DID SOMETHING FOR YOU.

GEE! IT WUZ NOTHIN. ANYWAY, WOT COULD YA REALLY DO?

DAN'L, LET'S HAVE OUR OWN CIRCUS!

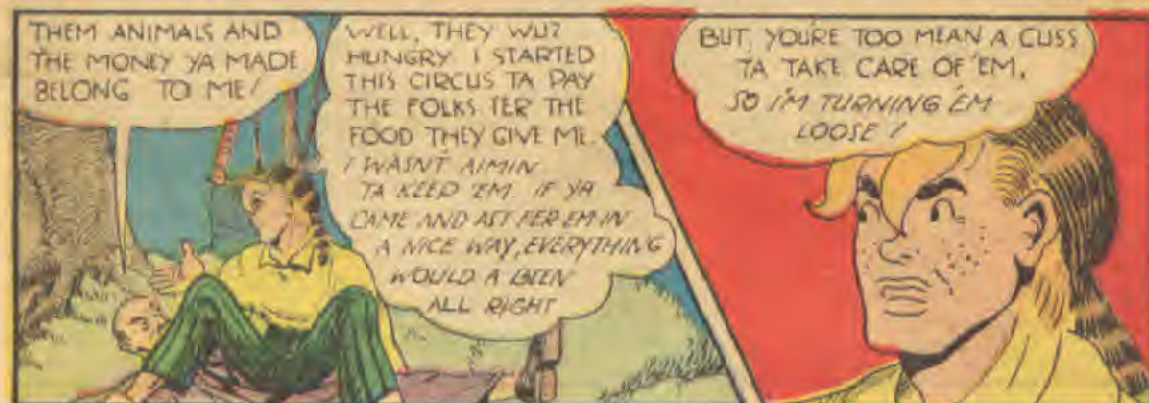
RIGHT HERE IN HOMESBUN //

THET'S A SWELL IDEA! WE KIN PAY THE FOLKS BACK FER THE FOOD.

IDEA!

4





THE BOYS WILL CHEER WHEN THE WAR IS WON
IF YOU CAN SAY, "MY JOB'S WELL DONE!"

THE KILLER GHOST

by Ross H. Davis

HOMICIDE Detective Bill Casey stood looking down at the corpse on the floor and whistled softly between teeth that still tightly clenched the unlit remains of a cigar.

"Maybe the tales about this old salvage tug being haunted have some truth at that," he remarked, partly to himself, and partly to the patrolman who stood silently by the door.

The cop merely shrugged. He had done his duty, and he felt that it had been a good night's work on his part. While patrolling the lonely waterfront beat two hours before, he had caught a glimpse of a flash of light in the pilot house of an old, deserted salvage ship that had been tied up to a rotting pier for years. Quickly investigating, he had found the body of a well-dressed man tied by the neck to the ship's wheel. He had then called headquarters, and he felt that it was now up to the detective to crack the case. After all, that was what detectives were for.

Casey went on, "You say there was no one on board when you got here?" he questioned the policeman.

"Nope. After I saw the flash in the window, I immediately came aboard, where I found this" . . . he pointed to the

body . . . "and that was all. There were no boats alongside and no one on the dock or in the water. I gave the ship a once-over before I called you, but I couldn't find a thing. I'm telling you, it's downright weird, that's what it is!"

Casey nodded. He recalled that a tramp had been found dead at the foot of the engine room stairs some months before on this same old hunk of rusted steel. His neck had been broken, and the case had been officially closed with the verdict being one of accidental death. Everyone thought that the tramp had wandered aboard in quest of a place to sleep, and in the darkness had fallen through the hatch to his death. The incident tonight, however, made that tramp's ill luck seem less like an accident. Casey was certain of one thing. This was no accident or suicide. The position in which the man was found pointed to one thing — murder!!

"Come on, Pete," snapped Casey, "we're going over this old tub from top to bottom, stern to stern. And keep your gun handy. Just in case we meet up with a 'ghost'."

With this, Casey turned on his heel and went out of the cabin and onto the deck. Pete followed, silently, and perhaps a little fearfully.

Together they walked along the still, black deck. Casey's flashlight searching here and there. Their footsteps on the steel plates were the only sounds. They searched from one end of the deck to the other, but to no avail.

"Well, that takes care of above decks," grunted Casey as they finally paused before a door. "Let's go below and see if we can scare up something down there. We certainly need a clue of some sort."

He turned the knob on the door and jumped slightly as the rusty hinges yielded with a squeaking groan.

Casey laughed lightly at his own nervousness and started down the iron rungs that led below decks. He called back over his shoulder to Pete who was slowly following. "Hey, Pete, this is where the tramp was found, wasn't it?"

"Y . . . yeah," the cop stammered.

Down below, the light in Casey's hand gave very little brilliance, and even the usual night sounds were cut off behind that squeaky door. The lapping of the water along the sides of the old ship and the groaning of her tired old hull as she rolled heavily with the tide, were all that could be heard down here.

Casey and Pete walked

across ringing and shaky grating, Casey's light shining everywhere in the one hope that he might find a clue to the identity of the slam man above. So far, however, in all their patient searching, nothing had seemed unusual about the old vessel, either above decks or below. There were very few spots where Casey's flash did not penetrate searchingly.

Through narrow corridors that ended in blind alleys they went, but still nothing suspicious. It wasn't until they were in the very stern of the ship in a little storage room that was below the water line that Casey finally grunted with satisfaction.

"What's up, chief?" asked the cop quickly. "Find anything?"

"Right!" shot back Casey, triumphantly. "Notice anything unusual about this place?"

Pete's eyes traveled about the little room as Casey swept the light around. From the piles of coiled, dusty rope and cable in the floor and entirely around the place, Pete's eyes roamed until they finally stopped and he replied, "Sure! Look at the size of that rat sitting over there on that pile of rope!"

Casey snorted disgustedly and exploded, "What's so unusual about huge rats on old deserted ships like this one? Look here, though, this IS unusual!"

He pointed to bits of food that were on the floor beside the coil of line on which the big rat sat, boldly staring at them.

"Someone must have been here quite recently. How long do you think scraps of food would last with rats that size about?"

"Gosh, that's right!" admitted the cop, admiringly. He glanced fearfully over his shoulder as he spoke. "Maybe they're still here," he added.

"Well, maybe so and maybe not," Casey returned, "but I don't think that . . ."

CRASH!!!

"Look out, Pete! Down quick!" Casey yelled as his flashlight was knocked from his hand and went out.

Both hit the deck as one and lie there listening. As they listened, they heard footsteps retreating swiftly down the passageway that led to the deck stairs.

"Come on, Pete! Let's go!" snapped Casey, rising and starting swiftly after the footsteps. "That was a knife that knocked the light out, and unless I'm badly mistaken, that's our ghost up ahead there!"

Racing madly up the shaky stairs, Casey burst out onto the deck in time to see a dark figure about twenty feet ahead of him start to climb the ladder to the bridge.

"Halt, or I'll shoot!" roared Casey, aiming his revolver.

"Hee, hee. Come and get me," the figure called back and started upward.

"This'll get you, pal," gritted Casey as he started forward, squeezing the trigger of his gun.

Wham! WHAM! WHAM!

Casey fired three rapid shots and the figure ahead stopped

short, clutched his shoulder, and fell from the ladder onto the deck with a thud.

Casey raced up, his gun covering the fallen man who was weakly rising to a sitting position.

Pete came running up and put his light on the sprawled captive. "Nice shooting, chief," he commented, "just winged him in the shoulder."

Casey didn't answer as he looked at the man's hate-twisted features.

"Who's the guy in the cabin, and why'd you kill him?" Casey questioned.

The man's face stopped its twitching momentarily, and he cackled, "Hee, hee. Sure, I killed him, and he wasn't the first, either. This is my ship! The owners may have docked her here and sold her, but I've lived on her all the time—I killed a tramp who came aboard some time ago, and this evening, another came on board, and I killed him, too, and I'm glad I did!"

Casey searched the crazed killer, and he held a wallet he found in the light's beam.

"Must be the murdered man's," he commented as he looked through it. "Seems he was an agent for a salvage concern. Guess they'd decided to scrap this old hunk of tin, and he had come on board to look her over, and this rat got him. Well, your killing days are over, bud!"

Turning to Pete, Casey continued, "Go call headquarters. Tell them we've got one corpse and one 'Ghost' who's through with haunting. The only haunting that will be done from now on will be to America's enemies when this old ship gets turned into new tanks and guns for Uncle Sam!"

THE END

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

CHAMELEON ENTERS INDIA -- AND, CLOSE TO THE AFGHAN BORDER AT AN ADVANCED ARMY AIR BASE, HE FINDS SUPERSTITION AND VICIOUS TRICKERY ADD UP TO AN ADVENTURE HE'LL NEVER FORGET!



AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS ...

THERE'S THE SORE SPOT - A PLACE CALLED TANALORE -- THE NATIVES REFUSE TO HELP US BUILD OUR AIR BASE!

HMM!



WE MUST KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND THIS SUDDEN UNFRIENDLINESS! TO COMPLETE THE NEW FIELD, WE MUST HAVE NATIVE HELP!



DON'T PLAY HOOKEY IT ISN'T FAIR.
OUR BOYS DON'T DO IT OVER THERE.

CHAMELEON SETS OUT TO COVER HIS NEW ASSIGNMENT.

MR. STOCKBRIDGE?

RIGHT! HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE US TO REACH TANALORE?



AS THEY DRIVE OFF --

OH, IT'S ABOUT 8 HOURS FARTHER ON, SIR.

HMM--ARE THESE NATIVES HOSTILE, TOO?

ONLY IN THE PAST FEW DAYS! BUT IT SEEMS TO BE SPREADING!



PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT STARTED THE TROUBLE?



THAT EVENING...

WE DON'T KNOW!

CAPTAIN, THE SERGEANTS WERE TELLING ME THAT THE NATIVES GO INTO THE HILLS EVERY NIGHT -- WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

LISTEN! THEY'RE STARTING NOW!



THE AMERICANS WATCH AS THE STRANGE PROCESSION PASSES HEADQUARTERS . . .

THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS, IS TO GO WITH THEM.

MAY WE GO, TOO, SIR?

I'M SURE THE CAPTAIN WILL GIVE HIS PERMISSION!



QUESTION No. 11: What does "hostile" mean: a hotel, a tender of horses, unfriendly, a female hostage?

THE TWO SERGEANTS ACCOMPANY CHAMELEON AS HE TRAILS BEHIND THE NATIVES.

LOOK -- THEY'RE STOPPING JUST SHORT OF THAT CAVE!

SSA -- QUIET!

THEY'RE WAITING FOR SOMETHING!

PEOPLE OF TANALORE, MAHOMET-SON OF ALLAH - HAS COME TO YOU! I BESEECH YOU TO RISE UP IN YOUR MIGHT! RID YOUR VILLAGE OF THE WHITE INFIDELS! DRIVE THEM OUT -- NOW! NOW!!

LOOK!! COMING OUT OF THAT CAVE! THAT'S WHO THEY'RE WAITING FOR!

BY MY BEARD -- WHAT IS IT?

INCENSED BY THE WORDS OF THIS MAHOMET, THE NATIVES RESPOND IN WILD EXCITEMENT.

HAIL TO MAHOMET!

DEATH TO THE DOGS!

NOW!

NOW!

NOW!

NOW!

HOLY SMOKES -- WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WAIT -- FIRST WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S IN THAT CAVE!



RECOVERING FROM THE SURPRISE ATTACK, THE AMERICANS FIGHT BACK!

KEEP SLUGGIN', BOYS!

YOU BET-- WE'VE GOT TO WARN THE CAMP!



UGH!



QUESTION
No. 12. Think of two rhymes for the word "inch".

BUT CHAMELEON'S MISFORTUNE
ENABLES THE TWO SOLDIERS TO
MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE!

WE'VE GOT
TO RESCUE
HIM!

ONLY THING WE
CAN DO FOR
IT'S TOO LATE
NOW TO WARN
THE CAMP!



SGT -- I'M GOING
TO CATCH THAT ONE!
WAIT HERE!

OKAY



THAT WAS EASY! NOW I'M
GOING TO THE CAVE --
IF I'M NOT OUT IN TEN
MINUTES, USE A
GRENADE!

HUH?
WELL, OKAY!
BUT, I'LL
DO IT MY
WAY!



THE SERGEANT SAUNTERS INTO THE STRANGE
HIDEOUT...

HALT! WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

HOLY SMOKE --
WHAT A SET-
UP! LOOK
AT...



NOT DARING TO ANSWER, THE
AMERICAN REACHES FOR HIS GUN, BUT...

GUARD!! AN
INTRUDER!



TAKE
HIS
GUN!

I HAVE
IT!

PUT HIM IN WITH
THE OTHER ONE!

LEGGO, YOU
TWO-LEGGED
OCTOPUS!



MINUTES LATER...

HELLO, RANDALL --
I'M SORRY THEY
GOT YOU, TOO!

WELL, SAY YOUR
PRAYERS! I TOLD
BROWNIE TO BLOW
THE JOINT UP IF I
DIDN'T MAKE
GOOD!



AND OUTSIDE, BROWNIE
WAITS PATIENTLY!

7 MINUTES -- I CAN'T WAIT
ANY LONGER! I'M GOING
IN THERE!



AS HE SLIDES THROUGH
THE ENTRANCE...

UH-OH! THERE'S HIS
BEARDED NIBS --
I'LL FOLLOW
HIM!



REMAINING A SAFE DISTANCE
BEHIND, BROWNIE WATCHES AS
MAHOMET APPROACHES HIS
PRISONERS --



YOU HAVE UNFORTUNATELY
STUMBLED UPON OUR SECRET
BASE! THAT KNOWLEDGE WILL
COST YOU YOUR LIVES!



HIKADI PULLS A GLITTERING BLADE FROM
HIS BELT AND SWINGS IT HIGH JUST AS --



BROWNIE!!
BLESS
YOU!

AS BROWNIE CUTS HIS FRIENDS' BONDS
WITH THE MAJOR'S KNIFE, ONE OF THE
JAPS ATTEMPTS TO PULL HIS GUN!



THEN--

C'MON, SON OF ALLAN--
YOU'RE GOING TO
LEAVE WITH US!



HOWEVER, AS THEY BACK OUT OF THE CAVE, THE JAPS PREPARE TO RUSH THEM!

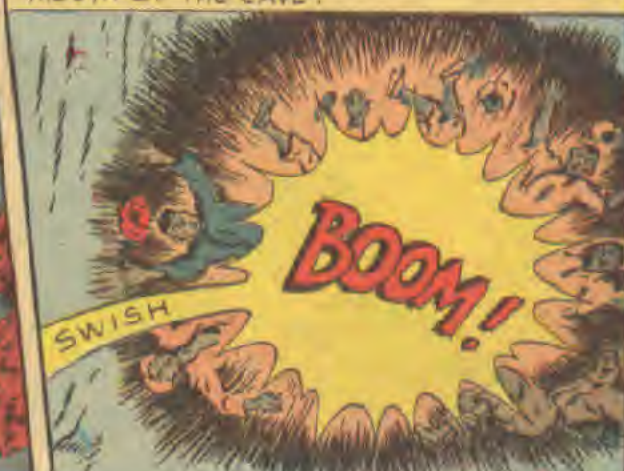
YOU'D BETTER LET THEM HAVE THAT GRENADE, BROWNIE!

NO!

OKAY!



THE GRENADE EXPLODES JUST INSIDE THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE!



LATER, BACK AT BASE HEADQUARTERS...

WITH THE AID OF A LITTLE PHOSPHORUS AND A PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM, THIS JAP HAD THE NATIVE MOHAMMEDANS ALL WORKED UP TO START TROUBLE!

WHEW! I'M GLAD WE MANAGED TO STOP THE REVOLT TONIGHT!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



THAT FALSE BEARD DID THE TRICK!

I WAS AFRAID WE'D HAVE MORE TROUBLE THAN WE DID IN MAKING THEM BELIEVE US!

I GUESS YOU HAD A PRETTY NARROW SQUEAK THIS TIME, DIDN'T YOU?

MMM-YES! I GOT MIXED UP WITH THE JAPS LONG BEFORE I'D EXPECTED TO! BUT...



ANY TIME I CAN WORK WITH MEN LIKE SERGEANTS RANDALL AND BROWNIE, I NEVER WORRY ABOUT THE FUTURE! WITH FELLOWS LIKE THAT, YOU CAN'T LOSE!



STAND BEHIND OUR FIGHTING MEN - BUT WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



THOUGH WORKING IS A NEVER-ENDING GAME
HARD STUDY OFTEN PAVES THE ROAD TO FAME.

BULL'S-EYE BILL



WHEN BULL'S-EYE BILL AND HIS HARD-RIDING TROOP OF U.S. CAVALRYMEN SUDDENLY APPEARED BEFORE THE MIKADO'S LITTLE WARRIORS, A DARK SHADOW FELL OVER THE "RISING SUN" — BUT IT WAS ONLY A HINT OF WHAT THEY ARE GETTING NOW TWO YEARS LATER.

IN TUNISIA, BULL'S-EYE BILL IS SUMMONED BY COL. CARTER.

BILL, WITH SICILY AND AFRICA SECURED, A GOOD CAVALRY TROOP LIKE YOURS IS MORE URGENTLY NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

YOU'RE BEING SENT TO BURMA, BILL. THE COUNTRY'S PERFECT FOR GOOD, HARD RIDING AND FIGHTING. HOW'S THAT SOUND?

SOUNDS SWELL, SIR! I'D LIKE A CRACK AT THE EMPEROR'S BOYS. WHEN DO WE LEAVE?

YOU LEAVE TOMORROW MORNING. THE JAPS HOLD BURMA, BUT INTELLIGENCE TELLS US A GOOD CAVALRY OUTFIT CAN PLAY HAVOC THERE.

WE'LL GIVE 'EM A SHOW FOR THEIR MONEY, YOU CAN BET. GOODBY, SIR.

COLLECT ALL PAPER, TIN AND FATS
AND YOU WILL HELP DEFEAT THE JAPS.

SOME WHILE LATER-- INSIDE BURMA.

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE
TO THAT SCHOOL
HOUSE. PANCHO
OUGHT TO BE
BACK BY NOW.



HERE COMES PANCHO.
HE'S RIDING HARD.
SOMETHING MUST
BE DOING.



BEEL THERE ARE ALOT OF JAP
TROOPS UP
AHEAD. THEY
ARE MAKING
CAMP IN THE
SCHOOL
HOUSE YARD.
MOSTLY FOOT
TROOPS.

THEY
MUST BE
REINFORCEMENTS.
LING SAID
THERE WERE
ONLY A FEW
JAPS.



WE'LL SURPRISE
THEM WITH THE OLD
WESTERN DUST
TRICK. PANCHO YOU
RIDE UP AHEAD,
DRAGGING
A LARGE
BRANCH
TO RAISE
A CLOUD OF
DUST.



MAKE AS MUCH DUST
AS YOU CAN. MEANWHILE
I'LL TAKE THE
TROOP AROUND
THE BACK
DOOR. WATCH
YOURSELF
NOW.



PANCHO GALLOPS OFF AT A FAST CLIP THE
DRY ROADBED BILLOWING CLOUDS
OF DUST BEHIND HIM.



NOW GENERAL
HAVE FOUND
URCHINS HIDING
IN CELLAR.
MANY OTHERS
THERE.



AT THE JAP BASE--

LITTLE SPIES,
EH? YOU KNOW
WHAT WE DO TO
SPIES! TAKE
THEM OUTSIDE.

"SO THAT'S
IT, PANCHO •
WE'RE ON
OUR WAY TO
BURMA IN THE
MORNING •

WHEE!--
THAT EES
PREETY GOOD •
IN FACT, EET IS
MARVILHOZO!
ESTUPENDO!



So, BULL'S-
EYE BILL
AND HIS CAVALRY
OUTFIT, WITH FULL
EQUIPMENT,
BOARD A TRANS-
PORT FOR INDIA •
ARRIVING THREE
WEEKS LATER,
THEY SET OUT
AT ONCE FOR
THEIR BASE CLOSE
TO THE FRONTIER •
A MAJOR
GREET'S BULL'S-
EYE BILL AS HE
RIDES INTO
CAMP--

HELLO, CAPTAIN •
WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING
YOU • THIS IS
PROFESSOR LING,
WHO NEEDS HELP
QUICKLY • I THINK
YOU'RE THE MAN
TO GIVE IT •



I FLED ACROSS BURMA WITH A
GROUP OF MY BRIGHTEST STUDENTS
JUST AHEAD OF THE JAP ARMY • NOT
FAR FROM HERE I HID THE CHILDREN
IN THE CELLAR OF AN ABANDONED
SCHOOL HOUSE • SOON AFTERWARDS
THE JAPS TOOK OVER THE SCHOOL
HOUSE FOR AN OPERATIONS BASE •



I SEE--
YOU WANT TO
RESCUE THOSE
CHILDREN •

HAD I THOUGHT THE
JAPS WOULD USE THE
SCHOOL HOUSE I NEVER
WOULD HAVE HIDDEN
THE CHILDREN THERE •
THOSE BOYS AND
GIRLS MUST HAVE
HEARD MUCH JAP
ARMY INFORMATION
BY NOW •



WHEN THE JAPS
DISCOVER THEM,
THEY'LL KILL THEM
BECAUSE OF
WHAT THEY HAVE
OVERHEARD •

PROFESSOR,
WE'LL TRY
AND GIVE
THE JAPS
SOMETHING
ELSE TO
THINK ABOUT!



IN THE MORNING, BILL RIDES
OUT WITH HIS TROOP--

THIS IS THE BURMESE-
INDIAN BORDER,
PANCHO-- FROM
HERE ON
WE'RE IN JAP
TERRITORY •

I THEENK I RIDE
AHEAD AND DO A
LITTLE SCOUTING!





QUESTION No. 15. What other kinds of "yards" are there besides "enclosures"?



A measure of length—three feet. Also, nautically, a long spar. A railroad yard. A NEWER No. 12

SPECK, SPOT AND SIS..

CAPTAIN BETTY,
I'M BRINGING A
NEW LOT OF WAR
STAMP BOOKS FOR
YOUR J.A.C.'S

OKAY,
CAPTAIN
SPECK.

CAPTAIN SPECK'S
GANG, NOW WELL
DRILLED HOME
FRONT SOLDIERS,
HAVE COMMANDO
PRACTICE AND
CAPTURE A
PUBLIC ENEMY
IN THE HOBO
"JUNGLE"

CAPTAIN BETTY'S
AUXILIARIES
HAVE SOLD OUT
THEIR STAMPS.
THEIR WAR WORK
IS MAKING THE
TOWN APPLAUD.
AND KEEP
YOUR EYE ON
SIS AND SPOT!

V.I.O.T.

"VICTORY IS OUR
TARGET"

J.A.C.

"JUNIOR
AUXILIARY CORPS"



Q UESTION No. 12 Do all jungles have trees or vegetation?









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BETTER MARKS ARE BOUND TO SHOW IT.

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I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD LEARN SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE MONEY



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